For this time all the rest depart away:
You *Capulet* shall goe along with me,
And *Mountague* come you this afternoone,
To know our farther pleasure in this case:
To old Free-towne, our common iudgement place:
Once more on paine of death, all men depart.

Exeunt.

Mount. Who set this auncient quarrell new abroach?
Speake Nephew, were you by, when it began?
Ben. Here were the seruants of your aduersarie
And yours close fighting ere I did approach,
I drew to part them, in the instant came
The fiery *Tibalt*, with his sword prepard,
Which as he breath'd defiance to my eares,
He swong about his head and cut the windes,
Who nothing hurt withall, hist him in scorne:
While we were enterchanging thrust and blowes,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the Prince came, who parted either part.
Wife. O where is *Romeo*, saw you him to day?
Right glad am I, he was not at this fray.
Ben. Madam, an houre before the worshipt Sunne.
Peerde forth the Golden window of the East,
A troubled mind draue mee to walke abroad,
Where vnderneath the groue of Syramour,
That Westward rooteth from this City side:
So early walking did I see your sonne,
Towards him I made, but hee was ware of mee,
And stole into the couert of the wood,
I measuring his affections by my owne,
Which then most sought, where most might not be found:
Being one to many by my weary selfe,
Pursued my humour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunned, who gladly fled from me.
Mount. Many a morning hath he there beene seene,
With teares augmenting the fresh mornings deaw,
Adding to cloudes, more clouds with his deepe sighes,

But

But all so soone as the all cheer
Should in the farthest East begi
The shadie curtaines from *Auro*
Away from light steales home n
And priuate in his Chamber pen
Shuts vp his windowes, locks fa
And makes himselfe an artificial
Blacke and protendous must thi
Vnlesse good Counsell may the
Ben. My noble vncle doe you
Moun. I neither know it, no
Ben. Haue you importunde h
Moun. Both by my selfe and
But hee his owne affections Cou
Is to himselfe (I will not say hov
But to himselfe so secret and so cl
So farre from sounding and disc
As is the bud bit with an enuious
Ere hee can spread his sweete leau
Or dedicate his beauty to the sam
Could we but learne from whenc
We would as willingly giue cure,

Enter Romeo.

Benuo. See where hee comes, so
Ile know his greeuance or bee mu
Moun. I would thou wertso h
To heare true shrift, come Madam

Benuol. Good morrow Cousin.
Romeo. Is the day so young?
Ben. But new strooke nine.
Romeo. Ay me sad houres seeme
Was that my father that went hen
Ben. It was: what sadnesse leng
Rom. Not hauing that, which h
Ben. In loue.
Romeo. Out.
Ben. Of loue.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22325) LONDON, [1622] THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k